

THE ACADEMY

AND

LITERATURE

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This Number contains the following Special Articles :

THE RANKER'S VIEW-POINT :

HOW IT DIFFERS FROM THAT OF THE STAFF.

AN OPEN LETTER TO F.-M. SIR JOHN FRENCH, K.C.M.G., etc.
(With Sketch Portrait).

TOLERANCE UNDER ARMS: By F. G. AFLALO.

WAR — WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY — II.

Verse: I AND MY KIEL REGATTA.

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Letters to Certain Eminent Authors

BY CARNEADES, Junior,

appeared in THE ACADEMY as follows:

No. 1. Mr. Hall Caine (April 11). No. 2. Miss Marie Corelli (April 18). No. 3. Mr. Arnold Bennett (April 25). No. 4. Mr. H. G. Wells (May 2). No. 5. Mr. Rudyard Kipling (May 9). No. 6. Sir Rider Haggard (May 16). No. 7. Mr. Henry James (May 23). No. 8. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (May 30). No. 9. Mr. Thomas Hardy (June 6). No. 10. Mr. A. C. Benson (June 13). No. 11. Sir Gilbert Parker (June 20). No. 12. Viscount Morley (June 27). No. 13. Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer (July 4). No. 14. Mr. Archibald Marshall (July 11). No. 15. Mr. A. E. W. Mason (July 18). No. 16. Mr. E. Temple Thurston (July 25). No. 17. Mr. Maurice Hewlett (August 1). No. 18. Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim (August 8). No. 19. Mr. Norman Angell (August 15). No. 20. Mr. John Galsworthy (August 22).

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contained:—

SEPTEMBER 4th:

An Open Letter to
ADMIRAL JELlicoe
With Special Supplement Portrait.

SEPTEMBER 11th:

An Open Letter to
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A Special Article by ADMIRAL MAHAN,
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NEXT WEEK'S issue will contain

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Notes of the Week

A Dramatic Chapter

HISTORY provides no more dramatic chapter than that which has been added to it during the past fortnight. The story is mainly told in General French's two despatches: the first giving a graphic and thrilling description of the long retreat from Mons and the desperate fighting in which the Germans won ground without winning a victory: the second showing how at the very moment when the German objective seemed about to be accomplished the triumphant advance was converted into a precipitate and disorderly retreat. General Joffre's strategy, as to which there were some whisperings of doubt, has been justified in every particular. It has been Napoleonic in its conception, and it has been backed up by a devotion on the part of the Allied troops which has been in every sense of the word magnificent. The result is that the German armies which were south of the Marne a week ago are now fighting for their lives north of the Aisne. The French troops have shown marvellous spirit and fighting power, and the French themselves are loud in their acknowledgments of the debt they owe to General French and his army. Germany has more than enough on her hands now. Belgium is moving again, and making things hot for the invader whenever opportunity serves, and the Russian victory in Galicia is so complete that Austria's collapse may come at any moment. Germany might have prevented this war: she will probably have to fight it out single-handed. Meantime her fleet does nothing, and Admiral Jellicoe sweeps the North Sea without detecting a German gunboat. But no one can say the enemy is inactive whilst he continues to capture British trawlers.

Crimes Against Civilisation

Warfare, especially under modern conditions, brings such horrors that modern civilisation, it might have been thought, would step in to redress the balance. We surfeit of horrors in the accounts of the battles from special correspondents. But the worst of them seem to be mild beside the abominations of which certain portions of the German Army must be held guilty. The Official report of the Inquiry into the Louvain agony is a record of incredible barbarity. We may make every allowance for the exaggerations of minds disordered by the horrors of which they were witness: enough will still remain to put Germany outside the pale of civilised communities. And Louvain apparently was sacrificed because these inhuman cowards in their fright at the approach of Belgian soldiers fired on each other. The inhabitants had been compelled to give up their arms by the municipal authorities days before! Beautiful buildings and priceless collections were reduced to ashes by way of avenging injuries self-inflicted by poltroons and tigers in human guise. There is no crime known to ancient or modern warfare which the Germans in Belgium do not seem to have perpetrated.

Treasure for Treasu e

Germany's reckoning when the end comes will necessarily be heavy; the chances are that she will be unable to meet it. Her gambler's throw will have left her bankrupt. There is, however, one penalty she should be made to face. She cannot replace the innocent lives sacrificed to her lust for blood; she cannot restore noble structures ruthlessly and senselessly razed by way of retribution for assumed wrongs; but one thing she can and must be made to do. Priceless treasures in art and literature have disappeared in the débris of Louvain and other historic towns. Germany possesses her centres of art and learning—the factories of that culture of which we have heard over much in propaganda. The Powers should see that so far as possible the libraries and galleries and museums of Germany are ransacked and made to yield up their treasures as some compensation to Belgium. To German "culture" the penalty will be as severe and bitter as will ultimate and inevitable defeat be to the military oligarchy. Germany must pay in kind wherever possible.

The Ranker in Retreat

The significance of the article we print this week, "The Ranker's View-Point" will be instantly obvious. It illustrates a phase of the war which has not hitherto been grasped by the public. Tommy Atkins retreating day by day and necessarily not in the counsels of the Headquarters Staff can come to only one conclusion: his side is being beaten. When he happens to be wounded or to be in the midst of a badly mauled company and the order is still "Back" what other conclusion can he arrive at? We have here the secret of the reports which led the *Times* correspondent into the unfortunate mistake of Sunday fortnight, and however much that mistake may be regretted, the trap was one into which any but an officer in possession of strategic

facts might have fallen. The British ranker concluded that he was beaten as surely as the German ranker concluded that he was winning. Both shared the view of the German Generals. Tommy Atkins knows better now. He was not the only one deceived by the great strategic retreat.

A Russian View of German Culture

German "culture" is handled with caustic severity by Professor Paul Vinogradoff in an extremely able letter in the *Times*. Germany forgets what she has owed to Russia in the past when she represents this great conflict as German civilisation opposed to Muscovite barbarism. Whatever might have been urged in the days before German culture became a synonym for German arrogance, Russia to-day, as the Liberal professor suggests, has little to learn in regard either to cultural or humanitarian ideals from Germany. A book such as Von Bernhardi's would be impossible in Russia. It would "earn for its author the reputation of a bloodhound." Where else than in Germany could "a theory of violence in vindication of a claim to culture" be built up? German achievements in the arts and sciences seem to have turned her head. Her miscalculations as to Russian unpreparedness and national dissensions were as great as her miscalculations with regard to ourselves. Russian unity is of happy augury for Slav civilisation. In the Tsar the Russians have a firmly knit organisation and centre of authority. "The present Emperor," says Professor Vinogradoff, "stands as the national leader, not in the histrionic attitude of a War Lord, but in the quiet dignity of his office." Russia is going forward; Germany in the name of culture seems to have plunged herself back into the Middle Ages.

The War in the Air

Mr. H. G. Wells takes himself quite seriously as an authority on war in the upper elements. He has been reflecting sharply on the monstrous disadvantage to the Allied strategy from the German command of the air. Apparently he builds up his indictment from unsupported stories of the great things German aircraft have accomplished. Sir John French's report—supported as it is by the testimony of General Joffre—will be pleasant reading to Mr. Wells, even though it shows that the element of fiction is present in the novelist's essays on affairs. The Royal Flying Corps has done admirable work; its usefulness has been commensurate with its courage, for it has frequently been a target for friend as well as foe. "The R.F.C.," says General French, "have furnished me with the most complete and accurate information, which has been of incalculable value in the conduct of the operations. Further, by actually fighting in the air they have succeeded in destroying five of the enemy's machines." They have already established a certain "mastery of the air." If General French had had Mr. Wells' articles in mind his retort could not have been neater or more crushing.

The Dominions and the War

Canada must be feeling a wee bit jealous of the

other Dominions; she is keen as they are to take her share in the great work of Imperial defence, and there is no word in the King's fine messages to Greater Britain and to India which does not apply to Our Lady of the Snows as to the rest. Canada is prepared to do her part right nobly side by side with the other representatives of an Empire as free as it is loyal. But Canada is deprived by her geographical position of the opportunity of doing what New Zealand has done in Samoa, what South Africa is doing on the Orange River in dealing with the German raiders, and what Australia has done in seizing the island of New Pomeru in the Bismarck Archipelago. There are no German Colonies contiguous to the Dominion of Canada. Hence she cannot organise a little expedition entirely off her own bat. But she will doubtless make up for it when her gallant sons get to the front. They will have as many little surprises in store for the enemy as will the Sikhs and Gurkhas—or the Boers themselves.

The Government and Their Bond

We would rather not at this period discuss the action of the Government over Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment. Both are to go on to the Statute Book, but they are not to come into operation till the war is over. That is Mr. Asquith's idea of keeping the pledges he gave to the Opposition at the beginning of the war. The truce between parties will not be broken, because the Unionists, for the sake of the greater interests involved, do not choose to arraign Ministerial action as they might. "Be good till the end of the war," the Government say, "and then we shall reward you with something which you intensely dislike, but will be compelled to accept." The Government have calculated on the patriotism of their political opponents: "a base calculation," as Mr. Bonar Law said, "but a correct calculation." The arrangement made is "so generous to the Opposition, or rather to Sir Edward Carson, that Liberals and Nationalists are called upon to make a considerable sacrifice." So the *Daily News*. We can only say that if the design of the *Daily News* were to provoke the nation into the full bitterness of party strife its words are well chosen. All true Britons will deeply regret the Government's interpretation of its bond.

"Academy" Dum-dums

The Germans counted their chickens before they were hatched because of the Kluck under the right wing.

The Russian steam roller has been busy making new roads in Austria and Germany; they are all in-roads.

The German navy is under a cloud and has been Kiel-hauled.

Rout marching should be practised in peace time; the Germans have reserved it for war time.

In England we arrest for being drunk and disorderly; the German idea is to get drunk and disorderly when arrested.

Generals Joffre and French both pay high compliments to the British Flying Corps; in fairness they ought to say an appreciative word of German achievements in flight.

The Ranker's View-Point: How it Differs from that of the Staff

BY E. CHARLES VIVIAN.

THE reports presented for the consideration of the public by various war correspondents more or less at the front, and generally somewhere on the lines of communication, bear witness, when taken as a whole, to the fact that the difference of view-point in the case of the Staff controlling the Army in the field, and that of the officers and men in the ranks, is not generally appreciated as it ought to be. The first stages of the campaign in France imposed on the Allied troops what is admittedly the most difficult and discouraging operation of war—a continuous retirement; no matter what local successes might be attained, the men concerned had to relinquish their advantage and fall back; they could not see inside the brain that conceived the plan of operations, and this continued falling back became to them very like a flight, although from beginning to end—on the word of the officers conducting the operations—it was accomplished in good order.

To this must be attributed the much-discussed Sunday report which the Press Bureau not only passed, but encouraged. The correspondent responsible for the compilation of the report probably came into communication with one or more men who had been engaged at Mons and who, on account of the immensity of the forces opposed to them, had gained a vivid impression of the losses inflicted on their own units, and were overcome with a feeling of despair from the combined losses and perpetual retirement. These men could see, at the most, only what one division was doing, and even that they could not understand from the point of view of the Staff. They and their fellows had been badly mauled by a superior force, and they could not see beyond the day. The personal narrative of one of these men, combined with a reference to the report of Field-Marshal Sir John French on the incident of which the man told, will illustrate this fully.

The man's story is as follows. (Since Sir John French has referred in his despatch to the barbed-wire incident, there can be no harm in describing an eyewitness's account of the charge in which the 18th Hussars and 9th Lancers suffered severely):

Three cavalry regiments, the 4th Dragoon Guards, the 18th Hussars, and the 9th Lancers, were formed up in the vicinity of Mons, and were ordered to charge and take certain German guns which were placed, ap-

parently unprotected from attack by the cavalry, away to the front. Instructions for the charge were fully given, and the men were told that they were not to come back without the guns. They set off; so near did they get to their objective that the man who told the story said that he even "marked his man" among the German gunners—and then the front rank ran on to concealed barbed wire, and hopeless confusion ensued.

Before they could extricate themselves, the gunners, who up to then had taken no notice of the charge, turned the guns on their luckless opponents. The order to "Retire" was given, and they went back, with shells exploding among them every few seconds—the man who tells the story tells of three-legged horses shrieking, men being blown to pieces beside him as they rode, and of ducking to avoid a shell—making the useless movement instinctively. He tells how his regiment formed up when they got out of range of the guns, and fewer than 180 men answered to the roll-call out of a total of 617 who set out. There would be others who would be accounted for later, of course; wounded and unhorsed men might not be able to rejoin their regiment for days, but, even at the best, that fruitless charge was made at a terrible cost, since the other two regiments concerned fared almost, if not quite, as badly as this one. And his impression of the whole of the fighting he saw—he came back wounded from Maubeuge three days after the charge—is best told in his own words.

"We're defeated—there's no doubt about it. I had three days of it before I got knocked out, and I know, from what I've seen, that it's not a bit of good. Our chaps are keen enough, and as far as I'm concerned, I only want to get back to have another cut at them, but they'll beat us at the finish. If you could only see my regiment—or what's left of it! And the infantry that were with us say the same—they say it's no use shooting 'em down, for as fast as you knock one man over, four more are there to take his place. You can't think what it's like, unless you see it—we're cut up and beaten—they're too much for us."

Now, when a man talks like this, and really believes all he is saying, he produces a very strong effect on one who has no real knowledge of the relative values of things in war. Such a man meets a war correspondent, perhaps, and unloads his story just as it is set down here. The war correspondent does not stop to find the true value of such a happening by consulting a Staff officer—who would be far too busy to attend to him if he tried. He writes the story; it is a picturesque one,

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and he knows it to be perfectly true—no British soldier would talk of defeat without very good reason, and there has been a defeat. So reasons the war correspondent—so he has undoubtedly reasoned, and the Press Bureau has approved his story and his reasoning, with dire results to the public—until the official dispatch corrected the perspective.

Sir John French says of the occurrence that this particular story describes: "During the course of this operation, General de Lisle, of the 2nd Cavalry Brigade, thought he saw a good opportunity to paralyse the further advance of the enemy's infantry by making a mounted attack on his flank. He formed up and advanced for this purpose, but was held up by wire about 500 yards from his objective, and the 9th Lancers and 18th Hussars suffered severely in the retirement of the brigade."

And that is all the incident is worth. Honour to the brave dead who went out for that charge and did not return, and all honour to the men who came back and yet want to "get back to have another cut"; but, tactically, the action is of little importance from a "Staff" point of view. That is what most of those who read the "vivid narratives" of war correspondents, and a good many of those who write them, have yet to realise. The "story" of a battle, as related by a war correspondent, is quite inaccurate from the Staff point of view; the man in the firing-line, seeing his comrades fall dead and wounded about him, feels defeated even though his side is winning—until utter rout is inflicted on his opponents, yet from a tactical point of view his story is practically worthless. The brain that directs him takes into account his feelings, guards as far as possible against losses, but is not discouraged by what to the man in the firing-line looks like defeat and even disaster. In modern warfare, and especially in such a war as this, personal impressions are utterly unreliable; official reports are based on Staff reports, and, though meagre, are consequently reliable. Unofficial reports, whether they tell of victory or defeat, are based on the impressions of the man in the firing-line, and more often than not, though they are true enough in themselves, they do not tell the truth as the Staff understands it or with regard to the whole. For no story, told by one individual, concerns a greater body of men than a division, and that is but a fraction of an army corps, of which more than twenty are engaged on each side in the French field of action.

"Quick Training for War" is the title of a small book by Sir Robert Baden-Powell that Mr. Herbert Jenkins publishes this week. Sir Robert gives accounts of some of his talks with the Kaiser, which show conclusively that the War Lord had no very flattering opinion of the British Army. The book, which is of a size that may be easily slipped into the service-jacket pocket, aims at helping the civilian to become a soldier, and contains several plans and sketches by the author. Its price will be 1s. net.

REVIEWS

Battleships' Company

Naval Occasions. By "BARTIMEUS." (W. Blackwood and Sons. 1s. net.)

A LARGE proportion of the population of these islands, whose safety is ensured by the existence and vigilance of the Fleet, have never seen a battleship. On brief visits to the seaside they may have watched a small cruiser whose coasting duties brought her near; if fortunate, they may have had an opportunity of rowing round her or being shown over her; but of the ordering of the British Navy, the wonderful arrangement of the various items of a fleet, and the discipline whereby a battleship forms a little community with its own laws and punishments, rewards and amusements, they have absolutely no conception. They would be astonished, for example, to learn that the crew of a battleship in commission numbers eight or nine hundred men, or that it costs the annual salary of a junior clerk to fire one of the heavy guns.

There are not many books which treat of the everyday life of the sailor in home and foreign waters, and this little volume by "Bartimeus"—a name well known in Plymouth and Devonport—is very welcome at the present moment when we are all intimately concerned with the Navy and its doings. Whatever branch of the Service the sailor belongs to—whether he be engineer, doctor, gunner, lieutenant, a member of the signal staff, a midgy, or any one of a score of other departments—the author not only knows it "inside out," but has the knack of writing vividly and strongly about it; also, we may add, humorously. The sketches at times have a faint echo of Kipling's style, but we prefer "Bartimeus" when he describes events in his own manner. He has a pretty way of bringing a touch of genuine feeling into quite unpromising material. In "The Parricide," for example, a submarine, during manœuvres, manages to creep near enough to a battleship to let fly a dummy torpedo:

The Commander standing at the gangway shrugged his shoulders and turned with a grim smile to the Captain.

"They've bagged us, sir."

A dull concussion shook the after part of the ship, and the pungent smell of calcium drifted up off the water to the quarter-deck.

"Yes," said the Captain. . . The submarine thrust her conning-tower above the surface, and from the hatchway appeared a figure in the uniform of a Lieutenant. He climbed to the platform with a pair of handflags.

"Claim — to — have — put — you — out — of — action," spelt the flags. The Captain smiled dryly and lifted his cap by the peak with a little gesture of greeting; there was an answering gleam of teeth in the sunburnt face of the Lieutenant across the water. The Captain turned to his Commander. "But he needn't have torpedoed his own father," he said. "The penalty for marrying young, I suppose."

The submarine recovered her torpedoes and returned to harbour. Her Commanding Officer summoned his Sub-Lieutenant, and together they dived in a cupboard; followed the explosion of a champagne-cork. Glasses clinked, and there was a gurgling silence.

"Not bad work," said the Sub-Lieutenant, "bagging your Old Man's ship."

"Not so dusty," replied the Lieutenant in command of the submarine, modestly.

She was a brand-new battleship, and had cost a million and three-quarters. It was his twenty-fourth birthday.

Among these little stories and pictures of life as it is to-day in our Navy are some of pathos, others of grim tragedy, many with a quiet humour; but the note is never forced. And there is a short chapter entitled "Concerning the Sailor-Man" which portrays the attitude of the crew towards superior officers, the various classes from which its members are drawn, describes the origin of the uniform, and in short contains enough information tightly packed to interest all who love the sea and our fighting seamen. We recommend this little "slice of life" heartily for its enthusiasm, its excellent graphic style, and its vivid glimpses into a branch of the organisation for national defence which to so many landmen is wholly unknown save by paragraphs and pictures in a paper here and there.

The Campaign in the Pyrenees

With Wellington in the Pyrenees. By BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. C. BEATSON, C.B. (Max Goschen. 15s.)

BRIGADIER-GENERAL BEATSON may consider himself fortunate in the occasion of the appearance of this excellent study of Wellington's nine days' campaign in the Pyrenees against Soult. After Vitoria and the hopeless failure of "ce pauvre Joseph," Napoleon despatched Soult to relieve San Sebastien and Pampuna, which Wellington had invested. Great things were expected of the new general of France in Spain. If Soult could even have held his own against Wellington he would have changed not merely the fortunes of Napoleon, but the course of European history. Napoleon badly needed some such help, and if he had been able to take command in Spain himself he might conceivably have succeeded. Soult was not the man to brush aside difficulties—and his difficulties were many and great—but rather to seek to get round them. His hesitation aggravated the disabilities from which he suffered through shortage of supplies, and in the field he showed to less advantage than in his preparations for battle. That was Wellington's view, and this book clearly proves that Wellington's judgment was right. The operations in the Pyrenees were somewhat complicated and called for the exertion of exceptional qualities on the part of officers and men. General Beatson is no doubt right in his assumption that the story will be of special interest to British officers, "for in the Pyrenees the British Army had its first experience on a large scale in one of those hill campaigns in which both it and the Indian army have since so often taken part." Some of the lessons learnt in the North-West

Frontier of India were, indeed, foreshadowed in the earlier operations on the Franco-Spanish border.

As, with the aid of several sketch maps, we follow this account of the splendid daring and unwavering endurance of the British Army in the Pyrenees, which Soult was utterly unable to withstand, we cannot help thinking of the fine performance of their successors at Mons and elsewhere: what the British officer and the British soldier were in 1813 they have proved themselves to be under still more trying conditions in 1914. We fought with Prussia, Russia and the Portuguese as allies against France then; we fight with Russia, France and Belgium against Prussia now. There was the same steadfast purpose and devoted effort a hundred years ago in order to free Europe from military domination that there is to-day. France was a foeman worthy of our best steel, but we invariably went to battle against her with perfect assurance in our ability to win. "Officers and men considered it a matter of course that, given reasonably equal terms, they would beat the French wherever and whenever they met them. This absolute confidence in themselves had its foundation in an equal confidence in their leader." Perhaps some echo of those days in French minds inspired the full measure of trust in their British allies to-day. The small British Army and the supreme British Navy were essential instruments in the breaking of Napoleon as they are to the breaking of the Kaiser. Wellington fought many a good fight against the French forces in the Peninsular, but none of greater interest than those in the Pyrenees from July 25 to August 2, 1813. General Beatson quotes Napier: "What Alexander's Macedonians were at Arbela, Hannibal's Africans at Cannae, Cæsar's Romans at Pharsalia, Napoleon's guards at Austerlitz, such were Wellington's British soldiers at this period."

Vital Issues

IF there be any still in doubt as to the causes of the war and the imperative call first on British honour and second on British self-interest to take a full share in meeting the German menace, we commend five pamphlets: (1), "Why Britain Is At War" (Macmillan, 2d.), by Sir Edward Cook; (2), "The Meaning of War for Labour, Freedom, Country" (Macmillan, 1d.), by Frederic Harrison; (3), "Why Great Britain Fights" (Maclehose, 1d.), by D. J. Medley; (4), "To Arms" (Hodder and Stoughton, 1d.), by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, with preface by F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P.; and (5), "A Call to Arms" (Methuen, 1d.), a reprint of Mr. Asquith's stirring Guildhall speech. In these brochures the man who would refresh his mind as to facts and incidentally draw new courage for the meeting of a grave crisis alike in European and British Imperial fortunes may find all he needs. "It is a war to decide if Europe—if modern civilisation—shall be ruled by brute Force or by the enlightened will of free peoples," says Mr. Frederic Harrison. A more damning indictment has never been drawn up against a nation than that which these pamphlets provide against Germany.

An Open Letter to F.-M. Sir John French, K.C.M.G., etc.

SIR,—It was, I believe, said by Wellington that there was only one thing less terrible than a battle lost, and that was a battle won. Reading that grimly simple despatch of yours covering the fighting and retirement from Mons to the line Noyon—Chauny—La Fère, I cannot help wondering what the terrors and the horrors, the alternate hopes and fears, the physical and mental strain must be of a four days' struggle which brings neither defeat nor victory. The agony of it all, and the uncertainty as to where it would end! We knew you for a man of iron nerve and of vast resource; but we also knew you as one who goes forward, not backward. If any had been asked what you would do in retreat, the question might have been a little disconcerting: you make your plans for the advance, and the dash and resolution which have always characterised your movements, alike in keeping Boer commandoes lively at Colesburg, in riding to the relief of Kimberley, and in the manoeuvres of peace, were not the qualities which necessarily make for success in one vast rearguard action.

Friend and foe alike are aware to-day that your capabilities as a commander cover every conceivable condition which warfare may impose. Nothing more masterly has ever been accomplished than the retreat from Mons. German students of the Boer War have always been loud in praise of your work. They recognised the stuff of which you and your army were made, and they paid you the compliment of hurling their men, three or four to one, against the little British force, of which frankly I do not believe the Kaiser ever spoke in terms of contempt. If he did, he is chewing the cud without relish to-day. The Belgians, we all know, rendered inestimable service; the Russians have done great things on the East; the French have nowhere failed when terms were equal; but can any man, Frenchman, German, or Briton, doubt that if there had been no British army on General Joffre's left the sheer weight of German numbers would have held Eastern and North Eastern France a stricken field long before August was out? I want to say nothing to detract from the glorious devotion and magnificent strategy of our Allies: they are obvious, but it is my profound conviction that you and your army have done what none others could have done. You at least have achieved something which did not enter



Specially drawn for "The Academy."

into the calculations of Potsdam: you have saved France at the very beginning of the campaign, and you have hastened the ruin which must overtake the German Empire. If the Navy to which you originally belonged is incomparable, so is the army which you command.

It is a mistake to say that modesty and greatness go hand in hand. Instances, some living, could be adduced to the contrary, but in your case it is unquestionably true. Your despatch of September 7 praises many people from Sir H. Smith-Dorrien downwards. "I say without hesitation," you write, "that the saving of the left wing of the army under my command on the morning of the 26th August could never have been accomplished unless a commander of rare and unusual coolness, intrepidity, and determination had been present to personally conduct the operation." What you say of Smith-Dorrien might be said and emphasised of Smith-Dorrien's chief. In less able hands the whole British army would have come as near to annihilation as did Smith-Dorrien when the guns of four German army corps belched their pitiless fire upon him. To maintain your force intact, to stem the machine-made hordes intended to overwhelm you, and to punish your enemy till he was incapable of following up his advantage was a feat of arms greater than some famous victories. The odds you met were heavier than those opposed by Frederick the Great; heavier than those to which Napoleon succumbed; heavier perhaps than Wellington faced. At the risk of being charged with a desire to flatter you—a weakness which I think no reader of these letters will attribute to me—I say boldly and to your face that Wellington rendered no higher service to Europe than stands to your credit. General Joffre's task without you was well-nigh impossible.

And now the tables are turned, thank heaven! Precisely what has happened, we at home have no adequate idea, even after your and General Joffre's latest despatches. There is much that wants explaining in the operations from the Belgian stand at Liège to the sudden change in Kluck's plans within sight of Paris itself. Did you and General Joffre expect this change? The readiness with which the advantage was seized suggests that you did. People here talk of a possible trap being laid for you. Ten days ago the same people were confident that a trap was being prepared

for the Germans. Apparently they were not far wrong. Such information as comes to us is as crumbs to starving men. All we know is that our fate with that of Europe rests on the skill, the wisdom, and the enterprise of a dozen men more or less, such as yourself, and on the courage, the discipline, and the devotion of the common soldier and sailor. Volumes could not acclaim the character of leadership more surely than the spirit of the men. An army which has suffered in morale is like a fine frigate covered with barnacles. The most significant thing about your long retreat and the persistent and murderous pummelling to which you were subjected was that the morale of the men did not suffer. A country needs no surer proof of true captaincy. Germany's original estimate of your quality was not mistaken. She realises it to-day to her cost and our glory! I am, Sir, Your obedient Servant,

CARNEADES, JUNIOR.

Tolerance under Arms

BY F. G. AFLALO

PREACHING the millennium as aftermath of war is too obsolete a device for the present age, but it seems not unlikely that the successive stages of this Armageddon may bring hitherto widely sundered units of the combatant peoples closer together, not only in the clash of battle, but also in the more leisurely atmosphere of the prisoners' camps. History would fail to repeat itself if much sincere and enduring camaraderie were not initiated both among allies in the field and adversaries in the cooler interlude that must needs elapse before the final interchange of prisoners. Thus out of evil may come good, and the better understanding thus engendered by the depravity of him whom the gods have first made mad, the better to destroy him, inspires a faint hope that this may be the last great war of Europe, the devastating storm in which race hatreds and the lust of emperors shall exhaust themselves and leave a calm that shall endure.

The first heat of recrimination spent, we shall inevitably hear less of that wholesale libelling of nations which jars at once on the taste and intelligence of those of more balanced judgment, more particularly if they have "looked a degree beyond their own nest." One of the most familiar examples of this sweeping indictment in literature is that in which Paul alludes to the people of Crete as "liars, evil beasts, slow bellies," though that "elegant apostle" justifies such outspokenness as verbatim quotation from one of their own prophets.

These epithetic pinpricks are wholly unworthy of our fuller knowledge of the world. Among the first to protest vigorously against such "uncharitable Logick" was Sir Thomas Browne, who, in the "Religio Medici," cites the contemporary jingle:—

*Le mutin Anglois, et le bravache Escossais,
Et le fol Francois,
Le poultron Romain, le larron de Gascongne,
L'Espagnol superbe, et l'Aleman yvrongne.*

Such reproach, he says, is as bloody as Nero's deeds, since a word can wound a thousand and at a blow assassinate the honour of a nation.

It may be objected to so serious a view that the insulting prejudices of tourists, and the even less intelligent fancies of the "little good men who stay at home," can do no harm, but so optimistic a point will hardly commend itself to those who have resided in Continental capitals and marked the resentment roused by the ill-concealed contempt of English travellers for all and sundry of other race than their own.

Let us fight, if we must, to our last man and our last shilling. Let us hit first, hard and often. So only can we lower the War Lord in the dust, and that will be well for civilisation. But let us also concede that the enemy may be patriotic and loyal. It is time that Englishmen abandoned the ignorant habit of summarising the whole of non-British humanity under one or other half a dozen derogatory heads: all of Latin race as "dagoes," all of Teutonic stock as "Dutchmen," all of black and brown colour as "niggers," and the rest as either "Yankees," "Chows," or "Japs." To lump the highly sensitive native of India with the brutish negro of Central Africa is open profession of ignorance.

Individualism is stronger than race. Arthur Young, a very honest traveller, ever ready to admit his errors, records the surprise he felt on finding many Frenchmen taciturn, whereas he went to their country prepared to find them chatterboxes to a man. So he who embarks on the Grand Tour strong in the conviction that he will encounter none but bragging Germans, flippant Frenchmen, lazy Spaniards, and volatile Italians is destined to be rudely awakened. More and more, with greater security and cheaper facilities for travel, mutual intercourse among the nations tends to rub the edges off national character. Isolation and insularity alone breed and conserve racial idiosyncrasies.

There are those who claim that no more than ten years of *rapprochement* between France and ourselves have inaugurated a composite type in the blending of sober-minded Briton and irresponsible Frenchman. Such despatch in the interchange of temperaments is possibly an effort of the imagination, but it is not improbable that, given more time and greater opportunities, nations living at peace and with community of interests will eventually learn much from one another and approximate to the same type and ideals.

For Englishmen this phase will not be without gain. The old-fashioned attitude of the Englishman towards his neighbours made him always rather ridiculous and sometimes very disagreeable. Foreigners were collectively despised, and the expression commonly seen on the face of a typically British tourist when compelled to travel with them in a diligence or on the railway invariably suggested the frame of mind pardonable in a Roman parricide of old when he found himself sewn up in his sack in the disturbing company of a snake, an ape, and a dog.

War—Woman's Opportunity—II

THE MOVEMENT TOWARDS NATIONAL SERVICE.

EVENTS have justified the tone of my article last week. From the women of England have come indications of a great movement towards national service. The Women's Emergency Corps is a working organisation, comprising some 15,000 members. It aims at assisting the country in any particular need that may arise—primarily, by taking the place of men who are serving as soldiers, and by enabling others to become recruits. It will help refugees; teach recruits to cook, look after the dependants of soldiers, train girls as nurses, organise a volunteer force of women; in short, it is prepared for emergency work of any kind.

This, we may assume, is to be honorary work, undertaken by women of means and leisure; in the case of those acting as substitutes for men on service, their pay, or a percentage of it, is to go to the wives and children; in fact, this is temporary work brought about by the war and, we will trust, to end with it. The movement scarcely appears to touch the larger issue—the sphere that women will, unfortunately, be called on to fill permanently owing to the shortage of men inevitable after such a terrible conflict. Nor does it touch the regular woman worker, trained to earn her daily bread and dependent on it.

Coincident with the formation of the Corps came Queen Mary's appeal for work for women thrown out of employment by the lesser demand for luxuries or the dislocation of certain branches of trade. Nor are the milliners and sweetmeat-makers and florists the only girls likely to suffer; their sisters who design fashions or follow art in the many studios of London must necessarily find their market closed to them, and it is here we come up against the need for reconstruction spoken of last week. On the one side, we have thousands of cases of unemployment. On the other, we have the offer of 15,000 unpaid and voluntary workers, and beyond that, by the Government and in the Press, the expressed determination to continue the business of the Empire and to endeavour to capture from Germany as much trade as lies in our power.

Such a position is an anomaly. With common sense and good organisation, there should be no possibility of unemployment among the workers who are left with us. It is for the women of England to see that there is none.

Hitherto, the number of women who have made a serious study of business has been few, but their success has justified belief in their ability, and there are hundreds qualified to undertake responsible positions in mercantile houses. Numbers of others could fill clerkships in Government or private offices or release men from schools of every class to fight for their country. To refer once more to the American analogy, the Civil War resulted in the almost universal installation of the woman-teacher throughout the States, while to this day

all the clerks in the Treasury are women, who also hold important positions in the Post Office, and administrative posts all over the continent have fallen more and more into their hands.

Shall we to-day be backward in doing for our country what they found possible in more difficult circumstances? It can only be accomplished by individual effort, by enthusiasm tempered with caution, and, above all, by organisation and the co-operation of employers and State officials. Day by day all may read advertisements in the papers for clerks wanted by large firms; we call on employers to be patriotic and give women the opportunity to fill these posts at the cost of some sacrifice while they master details of business. The same applies to the many women typists thrown out of work by the retrenchment of West End firms.

The need of to-day is a Bureau for paid women workers on lines similar to that of the Emergency Corps, to organise labour and to supply steadily the demand which is bound to increase if we are to extend our trade instead of curtailing it. Our unemployed women desire work, and not charity, and the honorary workers should see to it that they do not stand in the way of those who are dependent for life itself on the labour by which they earn their daily bread. The economic questions of to-day bid fair to tax the ingenuity and practical resource of our most capable women, but they offer them that opportunity for which they have craved for years—an open market for the talents they have to offer and the chance to work on the same terms as men in any calling whatsoever.

And for the women who are fortunate enough to possess money, it is a plain duty to spend it in such a way as shall ultimately be of the greatest benefit to the worker and the trade of the country; the truest economy lies not in curtailing our expenditure, but in directing it to serviceable channels, always bearing in mind the sound advice that it is so much wiser to provide work than charity. These things call for thought and discretion, rather than sentiment.

In a third article I shall deal with the new point of view in regard to the home or to business-life which is inevitable in the altered circumstances in which we find ourselves.

The letters on "England and Germany" by Austin Harrison, which appeared in the *Observer* in 1907, and were afterwards published in book form by Macmillan and Co. (2s. 6d. net), make remarkably interesting reading just now. The chapter headings, King and Kaiser, Germany and The Hague, Social Democracy, German Prosperity, German Materialism, The German Press, German State Economy, Power and Empire, and The Line of Least Resistance, sufficiently indicate the scope of the volume. If Mr. Harrison in 1907 thought it not improbable that Germany would strike when our Fleet was scattered, we may at least congratulate ourselves and the author on the fortunate contingency which falsified this particular prediction.

I and My Kiel Regatta

"We have searched the so-called German Ocean without discovering the German flag."

— MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

MY peoples all, with pride I see
That through my vast dominions
Mine own Imperial Majesty
Stands well in your opinions.
Far, far across the rolling wave
My fame my foes speak loud of;
And all confess in me you have
A Monarch to be proud of.
My peoples all who tribute bring
Behold your happiness in your King!

The raising of my mailed hand
Set armies huge in motion.
I've shown my prowess o'er the land
And in my German Ocean.
My stately fleet, that you have bought,
Though not at home to callers,
Has most heroically fought
And vanquish'd British trawlers.
My peoples, let your plaudits ring!
An arm'd amphibian is your King.

The spoils of war to you I bear
(That makes the news "official").
I'm out for enterprising rare
And in the stage initial.
The foeman vow'd from trade we'd part—
His thought was born of wishing—
And, lo! we capture one great mart:
The industry of fishing.
My peoples, joyous, rise and sing:
"Oh, what a fisherman is our King!"

Still shines aloft my solar ray
From transcendental status.
Still all the world at large owns sway
To my divine afflatus.
Still rides my navy on the main
With all its strength to shatter;
And you shall see it yet again
At Kiel Canal regatta.
Into my chest your savings fling.
A grand investment is your King!
W. H. GADSDON.

A collection of patriotic poems, selected by R. M. Leonard, will be issued by the Oxford University Press immediately, at the price of 7d. net. This volume is one of the new "Oxford Garlands." The publication of stirring poems relating to the famous exploits of the British Navy and Army is opportune, and should prove of interest. Other volumes in this series (religious poems, sonnets, love poems, poems on sports) will also be published at the same time.

"Academy" War Acrostics

CONDITIONS

THERE will be Six weekly Acrostics. Prizes of £3, £2, and £1 will be awarded to those who are first, second, and third on the list with correct solutions. One point will be awarded for each correct light. The Acrostic Editor's decision on all questions, whether appeals, ties, or division of prizes, must be accepted as final.

Answers should reach THE ACADEMY office not later than the first post on the Wednesday morning following the date of the paper in which the Acrostic appears, and should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE ACADEMY, 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

(First of the War Series)

- 'Twas forced upon us; and we fight
For King and Country, Freedom, Right!
- (1) "To the Day!" was their toast, "Der Tag" was their boast,
But what follows to-day concerns us the most.
 - (2) An aversion to water! dog's madness complete!
(Can the Mad Dog of Europe have bitten his fleet?)
 - (3) "For thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer morn, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—"

E. N.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

(Twelfth of the First Series)

Amen!

Note.—The centre letters of the correct solutions of the lights form the middle upright.

- (1) "Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame."
(This line in these is written; what's the name?)
- (2) A hardy substance you may see
On inside of a horse's knee.
One light is reversed.

- (1) S ci B ma I (Iambics reversed)
- (2) O ss E le T

Note.—(1) The full quotation runs:—

"Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
In keen iambics, but mild anagram."

(Dryden)

Solutions to No. 11 ("Yule Tide") were received from Albo, Chutney, Enos, Fin, Jorrocks, Jim, Kamsin, Mancuni, F. C. Moore, Nelisha, Pussy, Mrs. A. Rogers, Sadykins, Spider, Strum, W. J. Tiltman, C. P. Wadsworth, T. Walker, Morgan Watkins, Wiccamicus, and Wilbro.

We hope to announce the results of the First Acrostic Competition in our next issue.

The Theatre

"The Impossible Woman"

FOLLOWING the now fairly general rule in regard to cost of seats, Mr. Harrison has produced Mr. C. Haddon Chambers' four-act play at the gorgeously decorated Haymarket Theatre at reduced prices. But this wise acceptance of the present regretted conditions in which plays are being given makes, in this case, no difference to the beauty of the dresses and surroundings or to the power and grace of the cast.

In fact, a rather outstanding point about "The Impossible Woman" is the ever-present victory of the players over the occasionally disappointing character of the comedy founded on Mrs. Basil de Sélincourt's well-known novel, "Tante."

As the beautiful, curious and "impossible" pseudo-artist Madame Mercédès Okraska, the "Tante" of

the novel, Miss Lillah McCarthy is immensely interesting throughout the play. She gives us the humbugging side of the popular musician with infinite skill. The great artist—far rarer than most people admit—is great-hearted, dangerously sympathetic and simple, but the would-be artist of our period who can draw a few thousand sovereigns in a single night in a fashionable city may like to parade a sham artistic temperament and beneath that well-worn shield commit every spiteful and passionate stupidity of which common-place people are capable. Such is Madame Okraska, a not uncommon type of social vampire, who attracts with many little arts, fulfils her craving for constant flattery, and wounds all who come within her circle by the expression of her insatiable egotism and inveterate vanity.

Her victims are the other people of the play. For her own amusement and for the lust of sympathy and praise she has taken into her home a young girl whom she has taught to adore her. Miss Hilda Bayley makes this character, Karen Woodruff, very lovely to look upon and fairly truthful and convincing. Where strength is most needed, however, that attribute is sought in vain.

After years of worshipping Madame, Karen ventures to fall in love with an English lawyer, Gregory Jardine, who is everything of bold heartiness and loving tenderness that Mr. Godfrey Tearle can make him. Thus we can assure the playgoer that he will be interested in the three main characters who fight out the battle between real and artificial love. To help them come many delightful characters of minor import, each and all played with exquisite skill. There are admirers of Madame such as the Mrs. Forrester of Miss Ruth Mackay and the badly treated Miss Scrotton of Miss Helen Haye; there are the splendid performances of Miss May Whitty as an elderly American widow, a sort of wise watchdog for Madame, and the delicate, merry and real artist Franz Lippheim of Mr. E. Henry Edwards. So well are each and all the characters presented that all lovers of acting will enjoy "The Impossible Woman" even if Mr. Haddon Chambers has rather suggested an admirable comedy than written one.

EGAN MEW.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE

ON Wednesday, the 9th, we met again, coming back from war organisations of every kind. After the usual questions, Sir George Scott Robertson asked the Under Secretary of State for India if he had heard lately from that part of the Empire.

Charles Roberts bounded down the gangway and took up his station opposite the box; it was the proudest moment of his life. He apologised for reading a long telegram from the Viceroy; he rather bored the House when he started, but later on roused it to the greatest enthusiasm. People who talked about possible sedition in India had their answer. With passionate loyalty 700 native princes and rulers had offered them-

selves, their armies, lakhs of rupees, elephants, camels, jewellery, horses—in fact, anything that might be useful to the King-Emperor in his hour of need. His Holiness the Dalai Lama offered 1,000 troops, and assured the British Government that Lamas innumerable throughout Tibet were offering prayers for the success of the British Army and for happiness of the souls of all victims of war. The House smiled at this, but cheered the simple sentiment so quaintly and earnestly expressed.

Bonar Law suggested that so splendid an offering should be printed, which was capped by Will Thorne, the Cockney gasworker from the Hams. "Send it to the Kayser!" he roared. The House laughed with him for the idea, but at him for his pronunciation, which sounded like the German for "cheese." On the adjournment the sententious Sir Ivor Herbert rose to complain about the way recruits were treated. Eager to go to the front, thousands of young men were accepted who were not fed or housed. Some of them were forced to sleep in blankets alive with vermin, and then sent to the Reserves at 6d. a day. "If this is the beginning," said Sir Ivor, "God help us before the end!" Little Tennant had to smooth him down, but Herbert's outburst will do good.

On Thursday, Asquith asked for another 500,000 men. His interesting speech showed how our voluntary "fool army," as it has been called in Germany, can expand. Roughly it numbers 180,000 men; a month ago he asked for 500,000, and has practically obtained them. In the darkest day of the year, when news of the retreat from Mons came, a record was reached; over 35,000 men promptly stepped into the recruiting depots to face the shrapnel. When the second 500,000 are obtained—as they will be—we shall have an Army of about 1,200,000, not counting Territorials, National Reserves, Dominion or Indian troops; and even then the resources of the manhood of the Empire have hardly been drawn upon. Asquith frankly admitted that the recruits in some cases had been treated badly, but pleaded that the War Office had as many to deal with in a day as in normal times appeared in a year. Bonar Law backed up the Prime Minister. He was loudly cheered when he said: "The House and the country are determined to see this thing through."

Asquith loves his week-ends. At the conclusion of his speech he said in effect: "If you'll be good boys and pass all the emergency legislation down to No. 9 on the order paper, I shall not want you to-morrow at all"—a splendid sign that things were going smoothly.

We set to work on the emergency legislation. It does not go through quite so quickly as it did, which is as well, because the drafting shows signs of haste. There are many out-of-date charities in existence; the original objects, owing to changed conditions, cannot be fulfilled; so we took power to divert them and in the meantime borrow the money for the National Fund—a difficult and delicate operation which raises all kinds of questions, but we took it in our stride. Then we passed with relish a Bill to make it a crime

to trade with Germans or pay them money. Finally we had a go at the Press Bureau. McKenna, who has not been too successful in other walks of life, blandly came down and said he had been asked to accept Ministerial responsibility for the Press Bureau—as if to say, "Now everything will be all right." "F. E." would, of course, retain his position, but McKenna would answer for him in the House. "F. E." is very clever, but he does not know enough of journalism to direct a big department of this kind; for instance, when French's report came home, it was delayed 48 hours simply to put it into the *Gazette*, and when the great dailies received it they had all just gone to press, which meant another day's delay as far as they were concerned. It appeared in the *Times* of Friday; obviously it might have been in on Wednesday. However, we shall get things smooth in time. The House rose about 9 p.m.—quite a long sitting nowadays!

On Monday we came back from all parts of the United Kingdom to hear the decision that had to come on Home Rule, only to learn that Asquith had characteristically put it off until the morrow. In the morning we had a meeting at the Carlton, when Bonar Law, with the consent of Carson, climbed down for the time being. Asquith had taken advantage of our patriotism and decided to put the Bill on the Statute Book and hang up the Amending Bill. He calculated that we should put the interests of the nation before the interests of our party. "It was a base calculation—but it was a correct one."

On Tuesday we went to hear how Asquith justified his decision. As a rule, I admire him as a speaker, but I am bound to say he never spoke worse. He was lengthy and rambling; he repeated himself and made out the best case for himself that he could, whilst the Unionists listened in contemptuous silence.

Bonar Law replied. "Were we treated many times as badly as we had been we should still support the Government, because it is the Government; but we feel bound to make this solemn protest, and after the war is over we shall renew the conflict."

It was a sorry sight after the united front we had shown for the last six weeks. Bonar Law compared Asquith's action to that of the German Emperor. The Radicals bitterly resented this, and jeered at us as we slowly marched out. Handel Booth ran across with others to try and fill the great gaps in the House which the Unionists had made.

A foreigner who was looking on said to me afterwards: "You English are a wonderful people; your Tommies fought over the merits of 'Gunboat' Smith in the trenches at Mons, and you can have a debate like this in the face of a great war, and yet remain united." "Yes," said I; "you do not understand." "No," said he, "I don't!"

We are asked to state that all members of his Majesty's Army and Navy in uniform will be admitted half-price to "Grumpy" at the New Theatre, and at the Playhouse when that theatre re-opens.

MOTORING

MOTORISTS who are willing to have their cars converted into ambulance vehicles at a reasonable cost are earnestly requested to communicate with the Secretary, Automobile Association and Motor Union, Fanum House, Whitcomb Street, London, W. The appeal recently made by the Association to its members for cars and motor cycles has met with a splendid response and enabled the A.A. to play a very important part in the work of assisting the authorities. The military duties undertaken have been of a numerous and varied description, including the taking of Generals to the different military centres, the transport of Inspectors on observation in connection with bridges and sentry posts, and the appointment of members with their cars for permanent duty at the various commands. Many recruiting depots around London have also been supplied with cars through the instrumentality of the Association, whilst recruiting tours, comprising batches of cars, are at work in different parts of the country. In London and other centres cars belonging to members of the A.A. are being used for collecting recruits and taking them to the stations. Officers superintending the shipment of aeroplanes, etc., have been provided with cars, and other useful work of the Association includes the practical assisting of refugees, the Navy League, the National Service League, Red Cross organisations, the Local Government Board, the Central Committee Women's Employment, the Y.M.C.A., and the Prince of Wales' Fund. Altogether the Automobile Association and Motor Union has risen magnificently to the occasion, and demonstrated its right to be regarded, not merely as an association of private motorists for the furtherance of their own interests, but as a well-organised institution of national importance.

One of the most gratifying developments in connection with the present crisis has been the readiness displayed by the motor industry, as represented both by the big employers and the rank and file, to assist the nation in every possible way; this is all the more noteworthy inasmuch as no industry has suffered more from the general dislocation of trade consequent on the war. As a matter of fact, it may be said that since August 1 there have been practically no sales of private motor cars, the only tangible business done being that represented by vehicles suitable for military and ambulance purposes, a section of the industry for which comparatively few of the motor manufacturing firms are equipped.

In spite of the heavy losses necessarily entailed by the abrupt collapse of their ordinary trade, the big employers as a body have voluntarily added to their burdens by undertaking the partial maintenance, during the continuance of the war, of the families of those of their workmen who join the Colours, as well as the keeping open of the positions of such recruits until their return from service. The direct result of such action has been, of course, the addition to the fighting ranks of thou-

sands of men who would otherwise have found it impossible to volunteer for the service of their country. As a typical instance, it may be mentioned that up to the 10th inst. no fewer than 205 members of the staff of D. Napier and Son, Ltd., of Acton, had already joined the Service, and recruiting is still actively proceeding among the employees, stimulated by the firm's undertaking to pay 10s. per week to the wives of the married volunteers, and to keep positions open indefinitely in every case, married or single. This is merely one instance of the patriotic spirit which is animating the British motor industry in the most critical period of its history.

R. B. H.

In the Temple of Mammon

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Any of our readers who may be in doubt as regards their securities can obtain the opinion of our City Editor in the next issue of this journal. Each query must contain the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Those correspondents who do not wish their names to appear must choose an initial or pseudonym. Letters to be addressed to the City Editor, 15, Cophall Avenue, London, E.C.

THE victories of the past week have put heart into the Stock Exchange, and the general opinion is that the Committee is doing its utmost to re-open the House. Various schemes are continually suggested, but many of them are palpably impossible. For instance, the bulk of the members would like the Government to guarantee the whole open account. This, as I have before pointed out, would be grossly unfair to the taxpayer of Great Britain. Why should a man who has never gambled in his life find his taxes increased in order to pay the losses of a punter in Little Chats or Mex Common? Indeed, I do not believe for one moment that there is the remotest probability of any Government guarantee.

A reasonable scheme would be to cancel all outstanding bargains and let the House remain as it was at the end of July account. The difficulty with this scheme is that those who have lent money to the House and the arbitrage firms would find themselves in an insolvent condition. But it is quite possible that the banks might be induced to continue their loans, and it is also possible that they might advance money to the arbitrage firms, in such cases as show some probability of the money being recovered after the war was over. But there are many difficulties in the way.

The idea that the House should re-open on a basis of fixed prices has been talked about for a long time, and the Committee evidently favour this scheme. This week they have issued a statement fixing prices of gilt-edged securities and informing the members that they must not deal below the prices set forth by the Committee, that they must not enter into any time bargains or options, but that all their dealings must be for cash. This step has been forced upon the Committee by the fact that a good many firms have been doing business in Shorters Court and the Street, and have been giving prices of the securities in which they deal to the newspapers. Thus an unofficial outside market has been established, and the Committee appear to be afraid that in this way prices of all securities will gradu-

ally dwindle, as indeed has been the case. Some kind of unofficial agreement similar to that formulated by the Committee of the London Stock Exchange has been arranged in Wall Street and has worked fairly well. It is, however, very doubtful whether the action of our London Committee will have any effect. If people want to sell securities, and must have the money, they will find means of doing so, even if they have to send their stock to an auction room. It would be absurd for a man who wanted to realise Consols to send his order to a broker when Consols were being sold at auction at 65, whilst the broker was prohibited from dealing in them under 69. It is impossible for anyone to fix permanently the price of a security. Everything must depend upon supply and demand, and with the whole of the continent at war prices must fluctuate as victory turns this way or that. Also the fixing of the price of gilt-edged securities must depend upon the price of money. At the present moment money is a complete drug in the market, but that is a purely fictitious position caused by the entire stoppage of trade and by the fact that the Government has not begun to borrow heavily. We might get a severe defeat, and this might cause a run on the banks, which would again necessitate the raising of the Bank Rate. It would be quite useless then to call Turkish guaranteed Loans 101 ex dividend, for no one would buy a stock to pay them 4 per cent. if the Bank Rate were 7 or 8.

The fixing of artificial prices for gilt-edged securities does not in the least affect the solvency of the members of the Stock Exchange. It is common knowledge that a large number are hopelessly insolvent. If these gentlemen had big blocks of gilt-edged securities, they would not be insolvent at the present moment. They are in trouble simply because their boxes are filled with rubbish.

The Banks, however, view the action of the Committee with great satisfaction, because they will not be compelled to write down the prices of their collateral to any great extent, and thus it will be more easy for them to continue the present outstanding loans.

By the way, talking of loans, it is now said that the loans entered into by the Stock Exchange with banks and other outside firms only amount to about eighty millions. If this is the case, then the position is much more easily handled. Most of us imagined that Stock Exchange loans would run into some hundreds of millions. Eighty millions is a figure that is not exorbitant, for a large portion of this money must have been lent upon really first-class securities, which will be certain to appreciate within a year or two after the war has ended.

Bolckow, Vaughan and Company profits are down £279,000; nevertheless, they are reasonably good, being better than in 1912. A dividend of 6 per cent. is declared, but the final dividend is not to be paid until the end of the year. Last year 10 per cent. was paid by this great firm. The balance sheet is not so strong, creditors are up £54,000, cash is down nearly £75,000, and stocks have fallen £58,000. The debentures are well secured on nearly five millions of assets, but the ordinary are distinctly speculative.

The Staveley Coal and Iron Company had a magnificent year in 1913, when they paid 5s. a share dividend. This year the profit is reasonably good at £270,853, and 12½ per cent. or 2s. 6d. per share is paid. The balance sheet is much stronger. Cash has increased over £19,000, and sundry accounts are reduced nearly £32,000. Indeed, the Staveley Company with only £190,300 debentures and assets totalling nearly two millions is in a thoroughly sound position. Ibbotson Brothers, the well-known Sheffield house, has a capital of only £100,000, and its cash and investments exceed this figure by over £2,000. The profit

for the year is £22,230, and once again 10 per cent. is paid. The firm propose setting aside £10,000 to relieve the necessities of the company's workmen. I wish all the other large firms would follow the example of Ibbotsons and Guest, Keen and Nettlefold, both of whom have been most generous.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

"THE PLEASURE IS OURS."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—I should like to bring to your notice a little incident that is symptomatic of the feeling in this country towards troops on the march. On Sunday last I and my wife went down to East Grinstead in Sussex to see two boys who were billeted in that town with their regiment for a few days. By a little misunderstanding on my own part I presented my small party at a private house in the afternoon, and asked to be served with tea. "Certainly," said the lady of the establishment. "I will bring you some at once." I began to feel qualmy on being shown into a well-appointed study with a magnificent botanical library ranged round the walls, and wondered as to the status of this novel caterer. Our hostess brought in an excellent meal, most daintily served, and we set to work with zest—my soldier-boys distinguishing themselves.

At the end I asked for my bill—and was smilingly told there was nothing to pay! For a time I was the most embarrassed mortal imaginable, and could only stutter some kind of remonstrance. But our kind hostess would have none of it. "I am pleased to entertain your boys," she declared, "and more than pleased to entertain their parents." The gentleman of the house then made his appearance, with the remark: "The pleasure is entirely ours."

Now, my lads tell me that on the march they are frequently treated in this most hospitable manner, and I think a word of thanks is due to all those dear people who show such practical patriotism. I can assure my good friends at East Grinstead that one of the patriotic funds is now the gainer by the amount I should have had to pay for my party's refecton on Sunday afternoon at a first-class hotel.

Yours faithfully,

W. H. G.

TO BOOM GERMANY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—The "innocents who concocted the plot" you refer to may have had a greater knowledge of "English" editors than you imagine. Thanks to the thousands of articles these "English" editors have published, about two millions of British have been induced to leave their country during the past few years. These millions of exiles must include some hundreds of thousands of young men of the very sort we need just now to fight for their country. Perhaps the German "innocents" had evidence that the "English" editors were induced to publish these articles by the persons who advertise colonial steamship lines, financial institutions, and bank companies in their newspapers.

During the past few weeks, we have had considerable evidence of the undesirable character of the aliens who have taken the places of our exiled countrymen. Perhaps the German "innocents" had evidence that the silence of "English" editors regarding the influx of these undesirables was procured by some influential body known to a certain section of the community.

Respectfully yours,

JOSEPH BANISTER.

Hampstead, N.W., Sept. 14, '14.

THE NEW POPE AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In your article on the new Pope and the impossibility of his exerting influence on one side or the other in this disastrous conflict of the nations, you seem to me to miss one great point. The Pope can do no more than the Archbishop of Canterbury: the combatants represent a medley of the Churches of Europe, and to support one Roman Catholic nation is to oppose another. Surely the problem is not one peculiarly for Pope or other head of a Church. It is one for Christianity itself: the differences between Greek Orthodox, Roman Catholic, and Protestant should sink in a crisis like this, just as Ireland, for the moment at any rate, has dropped her religious quarrel in face of a danger to our common humanity. Christianity is greater than the Churches, and the Churches should work together whenever a chance offers to minimise the tragedy which has overtaken the world. Yours truly,

A SIMPLE CHRISTIAN.

Chelmsford, September 11th.

ANOTHER MISTAKE CORRECTED.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In an article on Earl Kitchener which appeared in a contemporary the other day, mention was made of the famous occasion when he visited (for the first and apparently last time in his life), in company with Earl Roberts, the Peers' Gallery of the House of Commons, in order to hear the vote of censure debate (moved by the then Mr. John Morley) on the destruction of the Mahdi's tomb. The article goes on to state the following: "That same night a member of the Opposition was seized with cerebral hemorrhage in the midst of his speech, and was carried dying out of the House by Mr. John Burns. Lord Kitchener, witnessing the scene, quietly turned to Lord Roberts with an enquiry, as though asking who the ill-fated member might be." This latter statement, however, cannot have any foundation in fact, as I know for a certainty that Lord Roberts had left the Peers' Gallery several hours before this "member of the Opposition" (it was Dr. Robert Wallace, the Liberal representative of East Edinburgh) had the fatal seizure and died at Westminster Hospital three hours later. I happened to be sitting, together with a cousin of mine (now dead) in the Special Gallery immediately behind Lord Kitchener, and so witnessed the whole never-to-be-forgotten scene from beginning to end. During the earlier part of the sitting the two illustrious soldiers frequently turned to me and my cousin to ask questions, and this rendered the occasion for us all the more interesting and memorable. I am, Sir, yours very obediently,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

Hampstead, N.W., Sept. 7.

BOOKS RECEIVED

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

Republican Rome: Her Conquests, Manners and Institutions from the Earliest Times to the Death of Cæsar. By H. L. Havell, B.A. Illustrated. (George G. Harrap and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

The Financial History of New York State from 1789 to 1912. By Don C. Sowers. (P. S. King and Son. 10s.)

PERIODICALS.

Literary Digest; Canada To-Day; Bookseller; Britannic Review; United Empire; The War.



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